MARKING TIME IN TO-KIO: A WAR DRAMA

> BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Collier's Special War Correspondent in Japan.

The Japanese war office has issued a war correspondents' pass to Mr. Davis, and has assigned him to the second column. Until this takes the field, Mr. Davis will write of events in the Japanese capital.

Yokohama, March 30, 1904. HEN you have journeyed this far to send home news of battles, it is hard to find that the regular way of battles, it is hard to find that the nearest you may come to being a war correspondent is to write criticisms of war plays. For, although the general staff has given each of us a correspondent's pass, it maintains the attitude of the anxious mother:

"Oh, mother, may I go out to swim?" "Oh, yes, my darling daughter; Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, But don't go near the water."

Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

What made the war drama I saw the other night interesting was that it was so like the war drama as we have it at home. It pulled the same strings, it paused in the same places for the same applause, and, except that it ranked love of country higher than love of humans, it was an old-fashioned Academy of Music melodrama in a Japanese uniform. In my ignorance, I had supposed the Japanese theatre would be as far removed from our own as is the Chinese theatre in Chinatown. It was not at all like that theatre. The only great dissimilarity lay in front of the curtain, especially in the orchestra floor. The orchestra floor sharted down toward the stage and was divided, by gails of polished wood raised a foot from the matting, into tiny squares. It looked like a mammoth cucumber frame without the glass. Each square held four persons scated cross-legged on the matting, and with them their tea things, trays of food, and pipe boxes. The ushers who brought the tea and feod ran and leaped with agility of tight-rope performers along these polished rails. The musicians occupied the lower stage box. The chorus sat in the one opposite. It was a "Greek" chorus, not a "show girl" chorus. The aisless or what in our theatres would be aisles, were long, narrow platforms. When with us the prestidigitator comes down among the spectators to borrow watches and take rabbits from a high hat, he walks on just such a platform. In Japan they form a part of the stage. Actors make their entrances and exits upon them, appearing from the part of the house that we call the lobby, but which in a Japanese theatre is the dressing room. To see an actor make his entrance, the spectators must twist about and look behind them. Sometimes they are too comfortably settled to do this, and the actor is forced to deliver his entrance speech to the backs of the audience. Some of our stars would not approve of a Japanese theatre.

Except that it is furnished in dark wood and lighted

Except that it is furnished in dark wood and lighted by only a few gas jets, the auditorium resembles one of our own. The Japanese, like ourselves, have a nickname for the highest gallery. They call it the "deaf man's" gallery. At first, when the actors ran up and down the platforms, it was confusing, but one soon became accustomed to it; and when, during an act which took place at sea, the platform was soleninly spread with a strip of canvas three, feet wide, painted to represent stormtossed waves, which rolled over the heads of the spectators, one accepted it as an inlet of the ocean.

The stage of the theatre in Tokio is twice as wide as one of the ordinary size at home, but the flies hang only half as high. This is in keeping with the tiny proportions of the Japanese house. Were the proscenium arch as lofty as with us, four-fifths of the scenery would consist of blue sky. This smallness of the Japanese dwelling and the great breadth of the stage make it possible in one scene to show several houses of actual size, separated by streets and gardens in which people pass in rickshaws, or trim the flowers. The construction of the Japanese house gives the stage manager another advantage;

shaws, or trim the flowers. The construction of the Japanese house gives the stage manager another advantage; for, as the Japanese work, eat, and receive visitors in houses one side of which is open to the air, it is possible to show what is going on at the same moment both inside and outside of the same dwelling.

But other features of the Tokio theatre did not lean toward realism. The prompter sat on the stage in view of the audience, and the fact that he was dressed in a skin-tight suit of black with a black hood, like a chimney-sweep or a goblin, and that he kept his face always from the spectators, was supposed to render him invisible. Another black imp remained on the scene to act as dresser

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and armor.

The war drama was entirely modern. It had no chorus to interrupt with comments and prophecies; the costumes and uniforms were such as you saw before you in the auditorium, and the stage properties were so up-to-date that they included one of Walter Camp's eight-day clocks, which is the first thing that shocks the seeker after atmosphere in every paper-screened, doll-like house in

The events in the first act occurred some four years ago in a Japanese seaport outside a Shinto temple, where the priests, villagers and fishermen were holding a festival. Into their happy holiday came a band of drunken Russian sailors, who threatened the priests, beat the old men, and, what was much worse, kissed the women. With screams the villagers fied and the Russians pursued. A fisherman, who in the classic piece had played a Daimio, arrived on the scene and announced that alone he would drive the sailors from the village. As he rolled up his skirts, leaving his legs bare, the audience howled and applauded just as they do when one of our leading men throws off his coat and tucks up his sleeves. The curtain feil on the fisherman's vow to avenge the insuit to the temple and the women. The curtain rose as soon as it fell, and we found that the stage revolved like a railroad tarn-table, and that while one act was going forward the scene was being set for the next. In this act, the fisherman kept his promise, and the sallors with their officer were driven to their shore boat. But as they pushed off the Russian officer shot the fisherman and he died. The turntable spun again and we saw the home of his son. Four years had elapsed and the war between Russia and Japan was in the air. This son was the cantain of a tra-The events in the first act occurred some four years First Flew the Flag.

According to the orders of General with the conveyance of his mission seem as being set for the next. In this act, the fisherman kept his promise, and the sailors with their officer were driven to their shore boat. But as they pushed off the Russian officer shot the lisherman and he died. The turntable spun again and we saw the home of his son. Four years had elapsed and the war between Russian and he resulted that he war between Russian and he resulted the shore to fish the last bore the complete of the first wees the hold how his father had been killed by a Russian, a captain, now Admiral Maksroff, whome he in turn would kill. A sailor samtered down the long platform, opened the garden gate, and gave the officer his summons to join his ship. Were had been declared. The officer retired and returned in uniform. The parting round take place, was fitteresting. The Japaness officer could not exhibit the least encoion, and necessary and the sum of the proper had been declared. The difference of the marine course, and the results of the marine course, and the res



(Photograph by Robert L. Dunn, Collier's Special War Photographer with the Army in Korea, Copyright, 1994, by Collier's Weekly,)

## RUSHING SUPPLIES FOR THE JAPANESE ARMY ON THE

This photograph was taken in the middle of March, and shows a transport column resting in the deflies of the Tong Sari mountains. Winter breaks and spring comes with astonishing swiftness in this region, and these troops, a few days before tolling through snowdiftis and over frozen trails, have stripped off their coats, and appear to be in summer marching gear. In place of the wagon transport of modern armies, the Japanese use small two-wheeled carts which can be drawn by ponies or by man power, as occasion favors. Food, clothing, ammunibed and the increased mobility of an army, from tent pegs to shoes, are packed in small matting-covered packages of uniform size, ready to pack or cart. Instead of a vast litter of all sorts of material at a transport depot, or on

and it gave him power and triumphs.

First Record of Barry. First Record of Barry.

On leaving Ireland he probably landed in Philadelphia, for the first authentic record of Barry shows him as 'clearing' from that port in October, 1766, as captain of a schooner. In 1768 he was elected a member of the Society for the Relief, of Poor and Distressed Masters of hips, and on Des. 27, 1774, was made captain of the Black Prince, owned by John Nixon, but chartered by Morris & Willing, the foremost traders in North America.

While Barry was on a cruise in the Black Prince "the embattled farmers had fired the shot that echoed 'round the world," and on the day of his return, Oct. 13, 1775, the continental congress had resolved to fit out two cruiseers, called the Lexington and the Reprisal, in command of the former and larger of which Barry was placed.

First Flew the Flag.

First Flew the Flag.

Services On Land.

But Barry was as valiant on land as But Barry was as valiant on land as on sea, and on the gloomy Christmas eve of 1776 rendered valiant services in transporting the continental army across the ice-blocked Delaware, and served with honor and distinction in the victories of Trenton and Princeton. It was Barry who devised the plan of filling kegs with gunpowder and sending them down from Bordentown to spread consternation by exploding against the warships and firing the wharves of the city. This incident is known as "the battle of the firing the wharves of the city. This united states was according to the incident is known as "the battle of the city." I do not fix your o

incident is known as "the battle of the kegs."

Barry's new ship, the Efforgham, having been destroyed by a British land force at its moorings in the upper Delaware, he employed himself in banging the enemy on land, and on Feb. 26, 1778, reported to Washington: "According to the orders of General Wayne, I have destroyed 400 tons of the most likely cruise and will be anxious to meet such events as will do honor to the American flag and promote the general interest."

In October, 1781, Barry was entrusted with the conveyance of Lafayete to France, the importance of his mission being deemed of more value than any

named in honor of the unity care and between American and France. Barry's selection to command the ship was the following order;
a conspicuous and honorable testimonial to his merit, ability and services.

"1. John Barry.
"2. Samuel Nicholson.
"3. Silas Talbot.
"3. Silas Talbot. Barry was sent to convey to France Commissioner Laurens, Thomas Paine and Count de Noailles, the brother-in-

law of Lafayette. Laurens succeeded in borrowing 6,000,000 livres, which en-abled Washington pay his army and transport it to Yorktown.

On March 29, 1781, Barry was placed by Washington in command of the whole navy of the colonies, and he so remained until the independence of the United States was accomplished. Rob-

"4. Joshua Barney.
"5. Richard Dale,
"6. Thomas Truxton."

At that time, and for years after, he senior captain was the commanding flicer of the navy, and it was not unils 1862, during the civil war, that he legal rank of commodore was estab-ished, but at all times the commander two or more vessels had by courtesy een given that title. Barry immediately accepted, and the econd in rank, Captain Nicholson,

wrote to him:

"Give me leave to congratulate you on your honorable appointment to the command of our navy. I make no doubt but it is to your satisfaction nd to all who wish well to this coun-

When, upon the advent of Jefferson's

OFF FOR THE FRONT BY FREDERICK PAILMER

Collier's War Correspondent With the Japanese Army of Invasion im Wanchurio.

Kobe, Japan, April 3, 1904. DEVER was parting guest more happy to get away; never was parting guest more heartly and sincerely sped. With the correspondents of the first contingent actually going, the hopes of the second and the third rose to the dignity of expectations. They gathered at Shimbashi station with tin horns and gave the chosen few an Anglo-Saxon cheer. For over two months some of us have waited for official passes to join the Japanese army in the field. Now that we have the treasure, it is not much to look at-only a slip of paper which would go into the average size envelope. By rights, it should be on vellum, with marginal decorations of storks standing on one leg and an inscription of "summa cum laude" for patience in flourishes. Our thoughts, however, are not on such trivialities. They are entirely on how much each little pass will permit us to see.

"The Japanese were absolutely prepared for this war and all possible contingencies save one," said a secretary of legation in Tokio. "They overlooked the coming of a small army of correspondents representing the public opinion of two great friendly nations, whose good will it

small army of correspondents representing the public opinion of two great friendly nations, whose good will it is to Japan's special interest to court."

Nearly a hundred foreigners, used to entirely different food and conditions of life from the natives, turned a hotel into a barracks, and with persistent address asked for privileges from the foreign office. In time such a force can wear ever the Japanese smile of politeness down to a studied grimance. We had and have the conviction that the army would like to follow the navy's suit and permit no correspondents at all with its force. Had as much been said at first, then we could have gone home, feeling that if Japan had broken away from the customs of the age of the free press, that was her affair. The lives, the millions of dollars, the national aims at stake were hers, and we came only by courtesy as foreigners. What was wearing on our nerves was the week-by-week "You may go very soon." We were teld, so near was our departure—whether six weeks ago or last week—that it would be most unwise for us to go to Korea, and we waited and waited until candor took the place of our suavity, and the Japanese smile, suddenly broadening into its old sunniness, said that it was really very early for us to start, but there was something to see already, and if we wished we might go. So the rampant curiosity of the spoiled children of the press, grateful for small favors, may at last feed itself on the sight of a Japanese soldier really marching toward an enemy in a disputed land. A pitched battle is not expected for fully another month yet, if not for two months.

For two weeks Mr. Yokoyama's ship has been in readiness at Kobe. It was to have sailed on the 21st of March. When this date was announced we were temporarily quite pacified. A week passed, and while Yokoyama's ship waited only the "very soon" came from the general staff. The smile met the increasing impatience—for each outburst was worse than the one before—with the polite, the deferential query whether we would not

voice came our "Yes." Moreover, we were ready to go aboard at any moment, and we said so.

Now that we are started, we wonder what lies in store for us in this campaign of an Oriental power in a hermit land. Officially, we know as little of where we shall disembark as we do of General Kuropatkin's plans. The time of our return is shrouded in the mystery of the vicissitudes of a great war which has scarcely begun. The departure from Shimbashi, when an Anglo-Saxon hurrah broke the long record of banasis for departing troops, the parting of a dozen foreigners from their

Acting as quartermaster of the dumpy craft is a sertous Japanese (Mr. Yokoyama's representative) who has
"Canteen" embroidered on a white circlet on his arm.
We, too, must wear white circles with the name of the
publication which we represent. Thus we shall not be
taken for Russians, though the Russians may take us;
and I doubt if the Japanese would mind much if the Russians did. For every correspondent there is an interpreter
and a servant. When we are not dependent upon Yokoyama, we are dependent upon them. Finally, we are in
the lands of the all-doing, never-talking general staff,
and bound for an unknown destination. At Moji we board
a transport, and Mr. Yokoyama's ship, with the horses,
the kits, the servants, and the interpreters, proceeds at
eight knots to the rendezvous at Chemulpo. After that, it
is to be hoped that the correspondents may write about is to be hoped that the correspondents may write about something besides themselves.

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POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

(Chicago News.)
A man whose wife calls him dear in public usually locks cheap.

The gossip is never so happy as when she is relating a tale of woe.

Love is a great help to the girl who wants to make herself miserable.

Modern health foods are all right if you are not

burdened with an appetite.
If a woman really loves a man she doesn't ask him to give up anything for her sake.
Marriage is a failure only when the wedding altar isn't

used as an altar for mutual sacrifice.

In order to get the best of an argument all you have to do is state your side—then walk away.

When a young man finally gets married the girls who also ran are unaninous in condemning his choice.

The trouble with the average man who poses us the reclifier of bis own fortune is that he revises the plans architect of his own fortune is that he revises the plans

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

(New York Press.) Low-naked gowns is nearer the truth sometimes than w-necked.

The man who knows women knows enough to pretend

he doesn't.

It's very peculiar what a lot o' experiences a widow seems to forget in a short time.

Next to receiving letters that don't mean anything, a woman would rather write them.

A woman is sure the is faving a good time when she is done comething her next-door rival isn't permitted to do.